NUMB. CX.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Nos populo damus. —————— SEN.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9. 1725.

To the Author of the PLAIN DEALER.

Oh Dear! Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

MANY a Lady has been charm'd into a Paſſion for her future Lover, upon Sight only of his *Picture:* But my Fate is the very Reverſe of This; For, before I ſaw the *Picture* of my *Florello*, I was almoſt in Love with the *Original:* Whereas, now, I am fallen abſolutely in Love with the Picture, and can ſcarce bear the Sight of That odious Lover of mine, who *ſat* for it.

The Picture, you muſt know, is a Kind of Paradox: for it is drawn but in *Black*, and *White*; and yet glows, with the livelieſt Force; and moſt natural Mixture of ſtrong *Colouring!* It is *One*, of a valuable *Collection*, which was expos'd to Publick Sale, laſt Week; under Title of *The* UNIVERSAL PASSION, *Part* 2.—— Wou'd to Heaven I knew the Painter! A Hand, ſo exquiſite at *Touching*, ſhould *take me*, as often as I cou'd poſſibly ſit to him. Nay, I wou'd ſooner be drawn by *Him*, than by *Apelles*, or *Titian*, or *Lilly*, or *Vandike*; or by any Pencil ancient, or modern; *except That only*, to which we owe ſo many envy-raiſing Pictures of my Friend Mrs. *Arabella Farmor.*

Not but there is infinite Difference, between the Two Pieces; and the *Lines*, indeed, are ſtrikingly diſtinguiſh'd, in both: — In the *Lady's*, They are *ſweet, ſoft, delicate!* In my *Florello's*, They are *ſtrong, bold, glaring! Florello's* very *Life* is not half ſo *lively*, as this fine Painter's *ſpeaking Repreſentation* of it.—— See! the *Figure*, and the *Spirit!* the *Grace!* and *Paſſion*, of the Picture!

Of late, at White's, *was young* Florello *ſeen,*
How blank *his Look! how* diſcompos'd *his Mien!*
(*In* Grief Sincere, *ſo hard it proves to feign!*)
Sad were his Spirits! for his Coat *was* plain.

Next Day, his Breaſt regain'd its wonted Peace,
His Health was mended with a Silver Lace!

A curious Artiſt, long inur'd to Toils,
Of gentler ſort, with Combs, and fragrant Oils,
Whether by Chance, *or by ſome* God *inſpir'd,*
So touch'd his Curls, *his mighty* Soul *was fir'd!*
The well-ſwoln Tyes *an* equal *Homage claim,*
And either Shoulder has its Share, of Fame.
His ſumptuous Watch-caſe, *tho'* conceal'd *it lies,*
Like a good Conſcience, *ſolid Joys ſupplies.*
He only thinks himſelf (*ſo* far *from vain!*)
St——pe *in Wit, in Breeding*, D—l——ne.
Whene'er, by ſeeming Chance, he throws his Eye,
On Mirrors, *fluſhing with his* Tyrian Dye,
With how ſublime a Tranſport leaps his Heart?
But Fate ordains, that deareſt Friends muſt part.
In active Meaſures, brought from France, *he wheels;*
And triumphs, conſcious of his learned Heels!

To deal plainly with the PLAIN DEALER, juſt after I had been reading this mortifying Deſcription of the Man, whom I had been weak enough to feel ſome little Tenderneſs for, His Evil Genius danc'd in with him; and I bluſh'd, to my very Forehead, to reflect, that I ſhou'd owe to the lively *Painting* of a *Satire*, my firſt Diſcovery, that the *Florello*, who had been ſo intimately my Acquaintance, was the Reverſe of a *Fine Gentleman!*

Pray publiſh This Extraordinary *Cure*, in Juſtice to the Skill, and Reputation, of the Learned *Doctor*, who effected it: And aſſiſt, thereby, the good Wiſhes, and the Gratitude of,

Dear Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

Your unknown, humble Servant,

CLARASTELLA.

[Price Two-Pence.]

Friday, March 19. 1724.

Mr. PLAIN DEALER,

AS You are a Gentleman of Penetration, and capable of rendring every Thing that is offer'd to You in a brighter Capacity than I am, (which occurr'd to me, upon reading your Paper of *Friday March* the 12th, in Relation to *Pugg*'s *Complaint*, againſt that *Feathery Fool*, called a *Parrot*, in a Houſe that is juſt over againſt him) I deſire, that in your next, you would only give Caution to a certain Lady, whoſe Lodgings are oppoſite to mine, That ſhe does not indulge *Pugg*, as I have ſeen her, in all that provoking and unmerited Freedom, of *pawing* her upon the *Mouth* and *Boſom*. Fleſh, and Blood, Mr. PLAIN DEALER, is not able to bear it; and if we muſt not caſt the *Food* of *Man* to *Dogs*, I am ſure it is much leſs lawful to beſtow His Right upon an *ugly Monkey*. — In ſhort, I am out of all manner of *Patience*; and if this Lady will not be ſo kind as to keep my Rival out of my Sight, I muſt be forc'd to *brick up my Windows*, or remove to a *new Lodging*: For I wou'd not, methinks, be ſo unreaſonable, as to quarrel with *Pugg Himſelf* about it: Since, He looks (to confeſs the Truth) as if He was *born* to be the *Lady's Favourite*.

I am, SIR,

Your afflicted Reader,

P. A.

SIR, *March* 25. 1724.

YOU will much oblige one of your conſtant Readers, and very great Admirers; if you will but anſwer me this Quere, *viz.* In your Excellent PLAIN-DEALER, of *Auguſt* the 24th, 1724, N°. 45, treating of *Love*, wherein is contain'd, part of that lovely Poem on the ſame Subject, I find theſe Lines;

Abſent from Her, *in whom alone we* live,
Life grows a Bankrupt, *and no* Bliſs *can give*:
Friends are IMPORTUNATE, *and Pleaſures* loſt, *&c.*

Now all the Queſtion is, Whether that is not a Miſtake of the Printer's; putting *Importunate* for *Impertinent*? or, Whether I, in Juſtice to you, for giving this Trouble, ſhou'd not write myſelf,

*Want-of-*WIT?

To a *Lover*, who retires to *Solitude*, for a quiet, and uninterrupted, Indulgement of his Paſſion, the very *Civilities*, and *good Offices*, of Friendſhip, are unwelcome; and the Preſſure of them is *Importunately* troubleſome; and this was doubtleſs the Senſe, in which the Author of that Poem made uſe of the Word *Importunate*. —— *Impertinent* had been leſs applicable, as well as leſs elegant; becauſe it is the *Duty* of a Friend to be ſolicitous in adviſing, and comforting us, however *uneaſy* he makes us, by the Effect of his diſreliſh'd Intention. So that my Correſpondent, will *name* himſelf more juſtly, if, in the next Letter he favours me with, he changes his Subſcription from *Want-of-*WIT, only to

*Want-of-*ATTENTION.

To the PLAIN DEALER.

SIR,

I Have perceived, quite through the Courſe of your Papers, that your Tendency, is not only to *Delight* your Readers; but to *Inform*, and *Refine* them. Upon this Conſideration, I muſt perſuade myſelf, you will ſet the following Subject in the ſtrongeſt Light; which, the more effectually to recommend it to you, I aſſure you it is not fictitious, but real Matter of Fact. —— There is a certain Widow, who has two Sons, and two Daughters, the former of which, are arrived to the State, which writes them *Men*; both brought up to creditable Employments; but neither of them capable of proceeding in their Buſineſs, without her Aſſiſtance; which, tho' very able to give, ſhe *refuſes* them.

You will be more than a little ſurprized, when I tell you, there is a Perſon, beyond Deſcription, ruſtical, and unlovely, who makes his aukward Addreſſes to the *Wealth* of this Widow: And that this is the *Conſideration* which ſhe prefers to the Welfare of her Children, who have urg'd her, on their Knees, to regard, not only *Their Good*, but what the World will ſay of *herſelf*. —— Deaf to all their Interceſſions, ſhe continually repulſes them, and is unalterably determined, on her *own* and *their* Ruin.

Now, I would beg of you, to tell me, What Motive can induce her to this? And to account for it in a *Phyſical* Manner? Should not the moving Wants and Dependance of her own Children, prevail more upon her *Nature*, than the intereſted Addreſſes of a *Stranger*? For I am afraid, there are no Incentives to *Love*, on either Side, and I am loth to give it its *other Name*. If, Sir, you inſert this as ſoon as you can in your Paper, you may do a real Good, and at the ſame Time you will oblige one of your conſtant Readers.

I am, SIR, &c.

My good Friend, *Tony Jyngle*, whom I have not ſeen till lately, ſince the Death of Sir *Portly Rufus*, of which I gave my Readers the melancholy Hiſtory, in one of my former Papers; was juſt come to viſit me, as I had received this Letter, from the Publiſher: And, upon hearing it read, told me, with much Force of Politeneſs, and Penetration, That there were *certain Politick Reaſons*, againſt accounting in a *Phyſical* Manner, for the *Motive*, which *induces* this *unmanageable Widow*: But he was of Opinion, it might do as well, if I accounted for it *Poetically*: And, to that end, he favour'd me, within, Fifteen Minutes, and a Half quarter, with the following Copy of Verſes, which he intitles,

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

OH! —*cry'd* Arſenia, *long in Wedlock* bleſt,
Her Head reclining on her Husband's Breaſt;
" *Shou'd* Death *divide thee from thy* doating Wife,
" *What* Comfort *cou'd be found, in* widow'd Life?
" *How the* Thought *ſhakes me! —Heav'n! my* Strephon *ſave*,
" *Or give the* loſt Arſenia *half his Grave!*
Jove *heard the lovely Mourner, and approv'd*:
" *And ſhou'd not* Wives like this, *(ſaid he) be* lov'd?
" *Take the* ſoft Sorrower *at her Word*; — *and* try
" *How* deeply rooted *Woman's Vows can lie?*
'Twas ſaid, and done,—the tender Strephon dy'd;
Arſenia, *Two* long *Months—t'outlive him* try'd:
But, in the Third— alas! — became a BRIDE.

THE Letter to the Gentleman near St. *Paul's*, arrived ſafe on *Saturday* Night the 3d Inſtant; who is inclin'd to humour the Affair, being a Perſon of Honour, *&c.* and any Method prescribed, ſhall be ſtrictly obſerved: Directions aforelaid.

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